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What are We to Do With Them?

There are six millions of men at the South who have hated us for thirty years, and hate us twice as much now, because we have whipped them. Men are asking the question, Can the South fight? I do not think it a question. The question, Can the South fight? answers itself. A State as large as the South, with six millions of people, with the yellow fever and typhus for its right and left hand, can fight if she will. The question is, Will she fight? I answer that question in the light of the experience of thirty years. Every Southern pulpit, every Southern political officer, has been the champion of slavery for thirty years. No Northern man could visit the smallest village of the South, and repeat the Declaration of Independence, without being lynched. No book could be sent that was not expurgated. No clergyman could preach the most diluted anti-slavery gospel, that he was not shown the steamer on Monday morning, bound for the North. When Brooks struck Sumner upon the floor of the Senate, the foulest blow known to Christendom for a century, the whole North, & the whole world, except the South, cried "Shame!" The whole South said "Amen!" Now, that is the country which has marshalled itself in war against us, and we have whipped it. We have beaten it in pitched battle; we have barred it from communication with the world; we have made it so infamous in the manifestation of its purpose, that Europe, more than half willing, could not stretch out its hand of recognition to it; and the hate of thirty years is embittered by the double-distilled hate of the conquered victim. What are we to do with six millions of such people?—[Wendell Phillips.]

Benefactors.

The mind of man acknowledges two classes of benefactors—those who suggest thoughts and plans, and those who develop and fit for use those already suggested. We are more ready to be grateful to the latter, whose labors are more easily appreciated by their contemporaries; while the other, smaller

class, really comprises intellects of the higher order, gifted with a rapidity and fertility of conception too great to be wholly brought out in the compass of a short human life. As their heirs and pupils bring into use more and more of the wealth they bequeathed to the world in unwrought ore, they are elevated by posterity from the rank their own day assigned them of visionaries and obscure thinkers, to be revered almost as the Demigods of literature and science. Notwithstanding the hours of gloom and bitter tears by which such lives are defaced, they are happy to a degree, which those who are born to minister to the moment can never comprehend. For theirs are hours of "deep and uncommunicable joy," hours when the oracle within tells them predicts the time when that which is divine in them, and which they now to all appearances are breathing out in vain, shall become needful as vital air to myriads of immortal spirits.—[Margaret Fuller.]

What to do with Troubles.

When we are fully conscious that the cup of trouble, lifted to our lips by the hand of God, is lifted by one who watches tendly over us, and whom we supremely love, it becomes sweet—soothing as the bitter waters of Marah becoming sweet when touched by the wand of the Prophet. —Apropos great writer—alluding to a fact in natural history.—"The cutting and irritating grain of sand, which by accident or creation has got within the shell of the pearl oyster, is the living inmate; to seek to from its own resources the means of coating the intrusive substance, and a pearl is the result. And is it not, or may it not be even so with the irregularities and unevenness of health and fortune in our own case? We too, may turn diseases into pearls."

With me a religious man is simply a just man. Show me a just man, and you show me a religious one.—*Gerrit Smith.*

The Plan of Salvation.

BY WM. DENTON.

All religions seem to embrace the idea of the original goodness and wisdom of man, his fall from this condition, and their plan of salvation to reinstate him. The Hindoos speak of the Satya Yug, a time of the by-gone ages when all were innocent and wise; when disease was unknown and men lived to be a thousand years old and grew thirty feet high. Then came the Cali Yug, when men became vile and ignorant, and to restore them to the favor of the Gods, washing, prayers, fasting, purifications and sacrifices must be resorted to. The Greeks told of a golden age when the Gods dwelt with men and disease and crime were unborn; when the earth brought forth spontaneously all that man needed for his sustenance, and happiness gilded the lives of all. Then came eventually the iron age when war and rapine, want, disease and death cursed humanity; and only could the golden age return by obedience to religious rites and superstitious ceremonies, and they constituted their plan of salvation.

The Jewish religion, the grandchild of the Hindoo, holds the same idea, which has been endorsed by Christianity. Fair came the world from the hand of the Creator; most fair man to dwell upon it, for when the work was done, God with a smile of satisfaction beheld it and exclaimed, "It is good." Then the earth was a garden of delights, and peace and cheerfulness dwelt in every bower of the paradise of God. Man trod the flowery paths of Eden, with the young world's beauty on his brow; and "Eve a fair Circassian maiden" walked like an angel by his side. No volcano opened its fiery throat and belched forth boiling lava; no storms spread devastation around; no tiger devoured his prey; no lion prowled by night; but the tender herb cropp'd all, and lay down side by side and were satisfied. But Eve listened to the voice of the tempter, partook of the forbidden fruit and gave to her husband; "then came death and all our woe." All born of this unfortunate pair are shapen in iniquity, there is nothing good in them; neither without a miracle, can there be; they are fit only for that hospital of incurables called hell. How can these guilty wretches be saved? By what means can they be brought back to the position that their great father Adam originally occupied? In answer to this question the Christian presents us with his plan of salvation. Jesus, the second person in the ever blessed trinity consents to die in man's stead, bears away the sin of the world, satisfies the justice of God, and from henceforth those that believe on him are saved with an everlasting salvation.

Is there any truth in this fundamental idea on which the necessity for this salvation is built? I ask Geology; she points with her finger to the rocks, and on examining them, by the light of her radiant

lamp, I see that Nature, like a wise builder, commenced at the base, and has been adding course after course to her living temple, man the top stone. As she fashioned the lowest forms of fishes, ages before the highest; as she made the naked sea weeds before she fashioned the gorgeous plants of the dry land, and the opossum ages before horses and monkeys, so, very naturally she leads me to the conclusion that the earliest men compared with the present, as the earliest forms of life upon the globe with the noble forms that crown the earth to-day. I ask Archeology and she shows me the subterranean rock built dwellings of Scotland—the palaces in which our forefathers lived, but which a man would be hooted for putting his cattle into at the present day. She shows me the stone hatchets, the flint knives and clumsy ornaments that the Adams and Eves of France used and wore, long milleniums before iron and brass were known; and I see how false is the fundamental idea on which these religions is based. I appeal to History, and she tells me, the farther we trace back the history of mankind, the deeper we descend into the regions of vice and ignorance. Poetry has dreamed of a golden age in the past and a paradaical state; religious superstition has embodied her dreams in the literature styled sacred; and hence the hold that it possesses of the human mind at the present time.

What then becomes of the Christian plan of Salvation if the foundation of it is thus destroyed? It resolves itself into an airy nothing, an imaginary elevation, the necessity for which arises from an imaginary fall, it cannot of course for a moment bear the light of investigation.

How much is said and sung about Salvation; Salvation by Jesus, who is styled the Savior. We are saved say the Christians with an everlasting salvation, and so often do they reiterate it, so loudly do they proclaim it, that those who have never scrutinized their pretensions might readily be induced to believe that all this meant something.

What shall we do to be saved, has been the cry of mankind from the day that the existence of evil and the possibility of its alleviation or cure dawned on the human mind. Evils surround us like mosquitoes in August, hungry for our blood; they dog our footsteps like bloodhounds that no art can baffle, and we cry out in the anguish of our souls, What shall we do to be saved? If the Christian has discovered the plan we have a right to know it. If Jesus is the physician who can cure our multitudinous maladies, to him we should go. Are these things so? Here are the Christians, the saved, the new creatures in Christ Jesus, let us see what their salvation does for them; whether the ills that afflict humanity are warded off by their salvation. Disease shrouds man's life with gloom, it turns the blessings of nature into deadly curses; its venom rankles in the heart, dims the eye, palsies the hand, and binds the tongue. Will the salvation of the Christian deliver

from this world-wide curse? Then blessed boon welcome to every home, thrice welcome to every heart. Alas! it is not so. The flying pestilence heeds not even the blood of Jesus on the door post, but enters in and destroys the fairest of the Christian's flock. Sickness lays his hand on the church-going saint about as often as the Sabbath-breaking sinner; and, if there is any difference, the odds is on the wrong side; for, as Solomon said of the cōnies, the Christians are 'but a feeble folk.' They read in the oracles, "Bodily exercise profiteth little" "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth" and the thorough-going Christian bows and kisses the rod that smites him, and neglects his body in this life, that he may save his soul in the world to come. Fevers burn Christians, Consumption feeds upon them, and their salvation places no barrier between them and the enemy, but like a spy in the camp, rather invites his approach. Some of the ancient Christians, it is true, believed that the salvation included a remedy, for I read "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up." But where is the Christian that believes it and practices accordingly? He sends for the elders only when the elders happen to be physicians; he has more faith in oleaginous applications inside than outside, for his experience has taught him the absurdity of trusting in such declarations as these. Death is a monarch whose sway extends over the world.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers wither at the North wind's
breath,
But thou hast all,
All seasons for thine own, O Death."

He is spoken of, by Christians, as the king of terrors, at whose approach men fear and tremble. When Christians become subjects of king Jesus, does he deliver them from this potentate, absolving them from all allegiance to this monster? Does he at least deliver them from all fear of what is an inevitable necessity? If so, then we may regard christianity as a boon, and its system of salvation as worthy of acceptance. But Jesus, the very founder of this system, could not deliver himself from death nor the terror that it inspires. Hear him in Gethsemane's garden, as he exclaims in anguish of soul, at the prospect of approaching death, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me." It was not possible; the king himself dies, dies young; his subjects die also; unable to deliver himself, how could he deliver them? Overcome by terror at the prospect of his own death, so as to sweat as it were great drops of blood; no wonder that his followers trembled at the approach of the skeleton grim. Some christians, it is true, die without fear, but not as many in proportion as unbelievers in Christianity; thus demonstrating the worthlessness of their salva-

tion, in saving men from death or the fear of it.

Poverty is a bitter curse; it presses a man to earth under its iron heel, and crushes the manliness out of him; it fetters his soul, it stultifies the intellect, makes men mean, and keeps them so. Perchance the christian's scheme of salvation delivers men from its pulsing influence. No such thing; the very founder of Christianity exclaims "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." To pay tribute he must work a miracle to obtain the money. "Blessed are the poor," says Jesus, "for theirs is the kingdom of God." It would be a blessed thing if Christianity would give men a competency, we might then have some faith in its promise of Kingdoms. The salvation of the Christian tends rather to keep him poor than to destroy his poverty. It preaches "woe unto you that are rich." "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven." It bids men sell what they have and give alms, to give to those that ask, to lend hoping for nothing again; and if these teachings have not made all christians paupers it is because they have denied by their lives what they are daily professing with their tongues.

Ignorance is the prolific parent of ills. The ignorant man walks through the world blindfolded, always liable to fall down precipices and into pitfalls. He gropes at midday, and the magnificence of the universe is lost to him. Will this salvation of the Christian deliver him from this curse of curses! Will it reveal to him the knowledge of his own nature and its relation to the external world, so that he may reap the enjoyment that springs from a life ordered in harmony with the eternal laws that govern us? One of its greatest expounders exclaims "I am determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified." What then could he know of science, what of himself or the world around him? One of his admirers sings "nothing is worth a thought beneath, but how we may escape the death that never never dies." Such men must live ignorant, die ignorant, and forever remain so, unless they outgrow such irrational ideas. Take our Christians as a body and how ignorant of natural science they are! They seem to have studied well the advice of their sacred book, which says: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy," and it is notorious that as a man becomes a philosopher he is spoiled for a christian. Christianity was the harbinger of the dark ages, and christian countries cultivate science in proportion to their outgrowth of the spirit of Christianity. It can then be no salvation from ignorance, when it thus proves itself its nurse and supporter.

Fire, when it obtains the mastery, is a great evil; but the christian's salvation delivers not from it. It licks up the very churches with its flaming tongue, and consumes alike the dwelling of the christian

and the infidel. Christians find insurance societies as needful as any class of individuals.

A dark curtain rolls its folds over the sky; behind it lurk the deadly lightnings, ready to leap upon their prey. Is the christian any safer than others at such a time? See that church steeple shattered, and the minister in the pulpit struck dead upon his knees, while in awe the trembling christians can only whisper "mysterious providence."

The floods are no respectors of persons; christians drown as readily as their unbelieving neighbors, under like circumstances. In what respect, then, O christian, is thy salvation any salvation at all? "Our salvation," replies the christian, "is from sin, from the wrath of God and eternal torments; it concerns not itself with floods and fires, sickness and lightning, and such like trivialities, but with things of eternal moment." What then means such language as this, which I have heard from the heralds of this great salvation times out of number? "O God, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep; we have done the things we ought not to do, and left undone the things we ought to do, and there is no health in us; God have mercy upon us miserable sinners." Where is the christian that is saved from sin, or ever professes to be? If any one professes it will the husband or wife of the individual acknowledge it? Christians seem to take pride in confessing how great sinners they are, and unblushingly sing "I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me." Who will give a man credit the sooner for being a christian, or place confidence in him when devising a bargain? Is it not a common caution, justified by the necessity of the case, that in dealing with christians, you must be doubly careful; for like their brethren the Jews, they will overreach you if possible? They are notorious falsifiers for God, their religious books abound with sophistry, special pleading that would disgrace a lawyer, and absolute falsehoods; and it is no wonder that they practice occasionally on their own account what they so frequently do for their religion and God. Under the wing of the christian church, among the recipients of the great salvation, flourishes war, slavery, fraud, polygamy and almost every vice and more strongly there than elsewhere. Thy salvation then, christian, does not save from sin; its earliest recipients and its latest, seem to agree in saying that if they say they have no sin, they deceive themselves and the truth is not in them.

But I am told it saves men from the wrath of God and eternal torments. The wrath of God! What, does your God become angry! he that you believe made worlds as numerous as the drops of water in the ocean, by the word of his mouth; in whose sight man is smaller than the unnoticed animalcules, that we swallow by millions in a draught of water? I know men that would be ashamed to be angry; that would blush to have their wrath excited even

by a man their equal; and yet your God is angry every day, and angry at the actions of puny man! Is not that thought sufficient to convince you that the christian's God is an idol, a God of man's manufacture? What makes your God angry, christian? "Sin, sir, is the thing that God hates." Yes, but your salvation does not save you from sin; you daily acknowledge that it does not; how then can it save you from the wrath of God? Poor christian, if thou art telling God the truth evening and morning, thou art a sinner; and God hates thee so that thy salvation does not even save from the wrath of God. Eternal torments! What evidence is there of any such, that men need to be saved from? None, but in men's disordered imaginations.

The very lightning that in its fury knows no respect of persons, the bounteous rain that distributes its blessings without favor, the smiling moon peeping in the feverish face of the debauchee, looking through the gloomy bars of the prison and whispering hope to the doomed criminal, the sunbeams that gild alike the gallows and the church pano with their glory, the calm evening cooling the sultry air, lighting the lamps in the halls of night and hushing the birds that saint and sinner may sleep, may teach us the fallacy of this Orthodox fable. Besides, if the Bible speaks truly, christian, thou art as certain of eternal torment as any. It is only those who obey the commandments of Jesus that have a right to the tree of life.

But Christians do not obey them; they resist evil, they lend hoping for something, they judge, they lay up treasures on earth, they take thought for tomorrow, they set the commandments of Jesus at nought every day. So, poor christian, in no wise is there any hope for thee. Thy salvation is a shain, thy great physician a quack, who leaves untouched the disease, uncured the patient.

Since the christian's is not the plan of salvation, is there therefore no plan of salvation? Is there no way of escape from the evils that surround us, no city of refuge for the fugitive? Our best, because our safest plan will be to enquire what has saved mankind from the numerous evils with which they were once afflicted, and what delivers them at the present time from many that threaten them?

Once man trod the wild a naked savage; the sun scorched him by day, and the cold winds chilled him as he lay in his lair at night. The sleet fell upon his bare breast and melting ran to his feet in streams. In summer and fall he searched the woods for fruit, dining on acorns, crab apples and wild plums and chestnuts; and in winter outrunning the flying deer he sucked its blood, nor dreamed of better fare. What saved him from this pitiable condition? What built his house, what clothed him with befitting raiment and enabled him to bid defiance to the elements? Science or knowledge was his Savior. She taught him first to fashion the axo of stone, then of bronze, and last of steel; to chop

the trees and rear his household home. She taught him from the flax to draw the thread, to spin, to weave and then to clothe himself with befitting garments; and she, in the lapse of ages numerous, has transformed the naked, homeless savage into intelligent man.

In the times of old, man wearily wandered over the earth; every step had to be taken by his own feet to carry him to his destination. He climbs the rugged steep of the mountain, wades the streams, threads his way through the tangled wilderness, and with bleeding feet and exhausted body he arrives. Science shows him the wild steed and teaches him its use. With the stem of a vine for a bridle, he mounts, and with exultant spirit scans the country over. Science leveled the hills, filled the valleys, bridged the streams, united distant lands by high roads and railroads, over which flies the locomotive, with fire-flashing eyes, outstripping in ease and rapidity the eagle's flight.

Where we now assemble, and fifty thousand persons find ample subsistence, a hundred savages would once have starved. Take a glance backward three hundred years and view them; the beasts of chase have fled; the deep snow lies upon the earth, and hunger dwells in every miserable hut; in vain the infant cries, the natural fount is dry, in vain the fathers wade the snows, game there is none, and famine calls them one by one, and with returning spring the prowling wolf picks the bones of the starved wretches. What saves us from such a fate? Science taught us to dig, to plough, to sow, to reap; and o'er our broad land waves bread for a world. The salvation of Orthodoxy never produced a blade of grass, nor a grain of wheat; and is as powerless to stay the savages' hunger, as it is to satisfy the deep thirst of the soul.

Ignorance covered the world like a pall, and Nature's preachers discoursed for ages to deaf hearers. Who thought as it slowly rounded itself in man's brain, had no power of projection from the mind that gave it birth, but lay there shrouded and died with its possessor. But science taught him speech, gave him signs for sounds; shaped the reed into a pen; from the flag by the river brought forth paper, and made the wisdom of one the property of the many. The lead and the iron she sought and found; and casting into the fire these came out the press, the railroad of thought, the long wished for lever of Archimedes, that moves the world.

In his infancy man was terrified by eclipse, and comets, whose flaming hair streaming along the sky, foretold most fearful calamities. But science put into his hand a telescope that brought these monsters of the sky into his parlor; made them familiar to him as his children and he found them quite as harmless. What saves us daily from present evils?

It is night; the last lamp has shut its eye, and calmly the stars look down on the sleeping city.

You are roused by the swinging bells, the tramp of hurrying feet and the fearful cry of fire! fire! The glare is in your room, and from your window you see the mad flames leaping above the devoted house. Horror! A woman is at the window, a baby in her arms, and her wild shrieks rise above the crackling of the flames. Here comes the steam fire engine, up go the streams of water, back retire the flames, she is safe! for a stout arm has brought her and her babe in safety down. Prayer, in her case, was powerless as the breath that uttered it: the salvation of the religionist, if trusted in, could but have paralyzed the arm of endeavor. Science alone, impelled by benevolence could save; glory to science, she is the great savior; let her praise be sung in every age by every tongue.

It is a summer's evening; a dark cloud rolls its sable folds over the sky, and from its darkness darts the lightning's flash; it strikes your dwelling, and for a moment all seems gone; but that slender wire saved you; for down it came the vengeful fire in safety to the ground. Franklin was, in that case, a greater man than Jesus, and the lightning rod more useful than his cross.

Science and benevolence in all ages have done the work of salvation, and religion and superstition have as constantly claimed the credit. "We have done it," exclaim these impudent charlatans. "See that dashing locomotive with a thousand passengers at its heels. We fashioned him with our hands, breathed the breath of life into his iron body, and started him on his world-wide mission. We gave wings to the telegraph, life to the printing press; and by us the world has advanced to the noon tide of glory." The fact being that they lay dozing in the darkened church till the scream of the science made engine, and the galvanic shock of the telegraph awakened them to a knowledge of their existence. Take from man all that science has done for him, and leave him all that salvation and religion can do, apart from science, and what would he be? No house to shelter him, no garment to clothe him, no machinery to assist him. The great Universe a sealed book, himself little more than a blank on one of its pages. In a hollow cave he sleeps, and when the sunbeams shine therein he wakens to recite his prayers to some mumbo jumbo of his imagination, who grumbles in the thunder, and shows his anger in the oak splitting lightning.

If Science and Benevolence are our Saviors let us cultivate them daily.

"Science is a child as yet and her scope and power must grow,
And her triumphs in the future shall diminish
toil and woe."

Let our churches be turned into halls of science, our ministers into lecturers, dealing in facts instead of fables. Instead of Bible societies and Tract societies, let us have societies for the distribution of
(Concluded on last page.)

Charity.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER KIMBALL.

I saw a photograph
Of one entangled close in doubtful ways;
The world frowned heavily upon his fault,
For he had leaped across the fence of Law
Sincere in his defiance. In her hand,
A mother held the picture, while she looked
With tearful gaze upon the high, bold brow,
And pleasant eyes that seemed to give the lie
To his strange waywardness, and softly said,
"It is my son."

There was a lady there,
Who claimed in social walks large room and
space;
Whose robes were pure from all polluting stains;
Who walked with scrupulous nicety and care,
The line of Virtue. For a moment's time,
Her glance fell on the picture; then she turned,
With unrelenting and unlovely face,
And said, in accents to which gentleness
Gave not one sweetened tone, "I never wish
To see that face again. He might have been
A man of honor; I've no charity
For such as he."

A wicked wasp to sting
A parent's heart with sharp and cruel words,
And yet that mother only caught her breath
As if in pain, and very mildly said,
In tender words, words through which a quiver
ran,
"I love to look at it: and every hour
I turn to see how much I weep for." Then
With whitened face, she passed from out the
room.

There was another there; a man of worth
And mental power; of enviable parts,
Skilled in forensic eloquence, who said,
"That which rejoices me the most is this;
The man must suffer. I don't pity him."
My heart-throbs shook my body. Should I
dare
To raise my voice for Charity's sweet sake
Gainst such a force? I lived in humble rooms,
And scarcely knew the polish of the world;
But yet Heaven gave the impulse, and I spoke;
"We know there is a hand that justly deals,
And gives to every soul its proper meed,
Reward, and punishment. Leave it with Him;
But let us not condemn, for all are weak,
And even he who thinks he stands secure,
Perchance may fall." Then came the stern
reply.
"Yes, God will punish him; but 'tis for us
To speak in condemnation, and denounce
So strongly his deep villainy, that all
Society may know the place exact

That we intend to occupy. Why I
Have felt my cheek grow sad with burning
shame,

Before the world, for that man's deviltry!"
Then answered I, "It is before our God
Alone we need to blush for sin and crime;
We'll square our action by a higher rule,
Nor let ambition's pride hold us as slaves
And bind us to society's caprice.
We may not yet conceive the small degrees,
The little steps that lead to ruin down;"
So I repeated that rebuking Law
Left in the sand so many years ago.
Then both replied with irritating sneer:
"We did not know you were so far advanced
In such high principle, that God alone
Was your sole counsel. You'll not tarry long
On this vile earth, you are too near to Heaven.
We know that in your girlhood you would
raise
A voice of pity for a censured wretch,
But we had hoped that woman's years had
swept
Away such foolish charities."

There was
A pain shot round my heart, deeper by far
Than irony could reach, and in my soul
Vesuvius fires were glowing, but I knew
I was but one, weaker by far than they,
And why should I intrude my little shade
Full in the face of so much excellence;
Yet still I raised my woman's voice again.
"All I have said I gather from Christ's word;
I cannot throw away a sinful one;
His love, I think, throws not a soul away."
"You do not know," the worthy man replied,
And crossed his arms upon his ample breast,
With such an air of safety and of ease.

A soul be thrown away! the very thought
Slipped from my brain. I could not hold it
there.
A spirit cast away, and we be safe?
Oh, what shall win us Heaven?

I was a child,
When in my hand a grey old father placed
A little volume, and with blessings warm
Upon his grand-child, bade me search and read
That sacred book. There I had surely learned
That gentle words and kind-voiced charity,
Wins the crown jewel in Heaven's diadem;
That book that told me how a God could stoop
From Heaven to Earth, to draw our dark souls
up
To bleach and whiten, in diviner light.
Then how can we, who tread so high a path
That no offensive dust clings to our feet,
Say to the wretch who wallows in the slough,
"Regain thy foot-hold! I'll not risk my hand,

To pull thee up to these immortal hills."

Stoop down my soul, and pray for strength to lift!
And if one taint or one unhallowed spot
Clings to the snow of thy redemption robes,
Keep close to Christ! He'll wash it off for thee.

Ethnology and Ethics.

It is rather amusing, the coolness with which certain writers on Ethnology and other natural sciences sit down to determine the status of certain races in order to prove the rightfulness of enslaving them.

This is doubtless a very convenient method of establishing the right of ownership; but some how or other I can't help thinking the morality of the thing a little questionable. If the fact of physical or mental superiority is to be taken as proof of the rightfulness of national subjugation and bondage, it is equally good when applied to individuals, and to individual differences in the same race; and woe to the specimen of white humanity so unfortunate as to be born weakly, deformed, or lacking in any of the elements of physical and mental perfection. Woe to the crippled in body or dwarfed in mind among the white folks. If this kind of morality were to prevail no man could safely walk the streets without his full average of avoiduposis. And to avoid a too frequent recurrence of individual conflict, it might be well to have some conventional standard by which to judge of the propriety of allowing one to be his own master. Let us know how much a man must weigh and how much he must know in order to entitle him to the privilege of running at large. And let it be done "by authority." If science, the shape of the skull, and the configuration of the human anatomy, is to determine the status of races and the rights to which they are entitled let us have the benefit of science in individual cases.

Let us have a public craneologist in each town to settle the question as to who should be entitled to the privilege of owning himself, and who should look about for a master. There are many now, who through ignorance of their own scientific status, are infatuated with the idea that they can take care of themselves, when in fact they stand very much in need of a master, as their thrifless farms and shifless ways prove. Let them have one. Their choice in the matter should not be regarded, when it stands in the way of craniological ethnological science and the welfare of the races. They are interested parties, and have unreasonable prejudices in favor of liberty, even at their own sacrifice and at the expense of the higher orders. Let some disinterested umpire settle all their matters

from a sphere entirely above that of personal feeling and therefore entirely philanthropic and cosmopolitan. It cannot be expected that men who have no knowledge of science would know how to put a proper estimate upon their own liberty when opposed to the general welfare.

It is science which enlarges and liberalizes the soul. Any man who was really in love with her, would not hesitate a moment to choose a master, and serve a life long apprenticeship in slavery, provided some disinterested impartial savan should discover by the application of ethnological law, that he really belonged to an inferior race, and his and the world's good demanded that he should be a slave.

It cannot be expected that men who know nothing of the science of longevity, should perceive the proper basis of rights and be content to abide by the verdict of science. Neither short lived races nor short lived men, unless thoroughly versed in science, seem to comprehend that abridgement of the life line implies abridgement of rights while you live. It is very doubtful whether, even if you fully prove to the capacity of one of these common men, that his blood is so full of scrofula that he could not possibly live a dozen years, that he would admit he was therefore under special obligation to devote those twelve years to the services of a long lived individual of a favored race. He could not perceive that human prerogatives are thus vitiated with the blood. The fact is he is interested in his own favor, and there is nothing in the world so prolific of moral obtuseness as a narrow self-interest. Men, I should say short lived men, are averse, naturally, constitutionally averse to drawing inferences and coming to conclusions unfavorable to themselves. And it would be just like a negro to resist the application of these benevolent deductions of science to his case, and deny that any man, black or white, scientific or unscientific, had a right to determine for him whether he should have a master or not, and to say, mind your own business, Mr. Savan, determine your own status, and I will determine mine. I suppose it would be impudent in a "nigger" to do so,—as a white man, a member of the "superior" race, I am bound to think so, but if I were that selfish "nigger" I should be quite likely to think the impudence belonged to the other side. And for the life of me I cannot see how a superior race should *need* to live on the labor of an inferior one, to say nothing of the ethics involved. O! Ah! but I forget, I keep forgetting, all the time, that slavery is for the good of the slave. Strange one will forget what has been so often demonstrated. How lamentable, for the black, that the white man cannot afford to be his master much longer.

C. M. OVERTON.

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

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The Result.

The hour seems approaching when important events shall decide not only the present contest, but the question of national existence as well. The late important and repeated successes of the Union forces, seem to indicate quite unmistakably, that the rebel armies are well nigh beaten, and the war in its present shape well nigh brought to a close. This is most likely the case—a result the most prudent calculators have seen must certainly come, sooner or later. That the rebels will submit even after their last army is vanquished, is not likely. The rebel army may be beaten, but the rebel feeling will not be subdued. The national forces will hold possession of the country, or at least the important points, but there will be no real submission, no heart loyalty. The South for a time will be no more nor less than a conquered province. To talk of Union between the North and South, in any just sense of the term at any time in the near future, is simply childish weakness. There is no such thing possible. Whether the North and the South will be united at present in any such bond of fraternity and mutual good will, as is necessary to constitute any real union, is not a question. They will not be—they cannot be.

That war was necessary, that the defeat of the South in an armed contest was necessary, can hardly admit of a doubt. The ostensible object of the war was to preserve the Union. The real effect will be to teach tyranny a lesson, and to ensure that the North be not in the future continually outraged and intruded upon by overbearing, insolent and lawless slaveholders. At exactly what point the slaveholders should be let alone is perhaps a question—probably not until they have no longer the power to strike. The deep, bitter hate in their hearts can never be changed to love by vanquishing their armed hosts, or liberating their slaves. But this will render them powerless to wreak a vengeance cherished with tenfold greater bitterness in their hearts.

But the settlement of the mere question of victory or defeat, with the rebels, will be comparatively a small matter. There may, probably will be, more hard fighting and bloody battles; almost certainly a protracted and annoying guerrilla warfare, but a

few more hundred millions, and a few, very few, thousand lives, will be all that will be needed to finish up the contest, after the important battles that may take place within the next few months. Provided, always, that European Nations do not in the mean time interfere—an event by no means impossible.

The great contest is to be removed to the North. God grant it may be only a moral and political one! One of our contributors, a short time since deprecated the making of evil prophecies, lest they have an influence in bringing about the evil prophesied. There is doubtless a truth in this idea. But after all the true wisdom, in the language of Patrick Henry, is to know the worst and be prepared for it. That the most serious and complicated of our troubles are yet to come, is to be feared. And the removal of the contest to the North, may be a lesson to such as have not laid the matter to heart, and justly realized how deeply we were all involved in this terrible consummation of our Nation's error and wrong. Eternal Justice has long been looking upon the thoughtless, heartless, selfishness of all classes of the people, and is now, so long delayed, about to pour out its reserved wrath upon their guilty heads. Infidelity, of the deepest and blackest die, has characterized the people. They "have had line upon line," "precept upon precept;" they have ever held laying upon their shelves the enunciations of the principles of Justice on which the whole structure of society is based, but while with words and professions they have acknowledged allegiance to the eternal Goodness and Right, with their acts they have given the lie to all their professions. Not a man who has amassed wealth at the expense of innocence, and put in his pocket the fair earnings of honest toil, but will see his riches take wings, and may be thankful if he does not pay in his own heart's blood for every tear wrung from the anguished heart of the suffering widow, and the sacrificed maiden. The heartless politician who has sought office and honor at the expense of justice and truth, will pale with terror in contemplation of scenes that honor and devotion to right and truth on his part might have averted. The shallow brained and narrow souled woman of fashion, and the less ostentatious but really morally weak ones who have seemed to think that the real needs of life were dress and external comforts, will be called upon to wade through blood and horror that fill the only pathway for them to a higher appreciation of the true needs and objects and obligations of life. In short our Nation is to pass through a terrible ordeal that is necessary to purify it of its selfishness and dross, and leave it in a fitter condition to be an honor to God, and a blessing to Humanity.

We have rebels at the South and shall have foes abroad, but our worst and greatest trouble will be dissensions among ourselves. We heard much of

the "great uprising" of the people a year ago, to put down the Southern rebellion; indicating it was thought, a surprising unanimity of feeling and sentiment at the North. I have never had any faith in that unity of feeling—it was apparent, not real. The North is yet divided into two great parties, the Democratic and the Republican. And at such a time as this, when if the God of wisdom reigned in the hearts of the people, the idea of party would be lost sight of, and only one great party, the party of our Country, be known or recognized, the universal party press are vying with each other in their manifestations of party zeal and party prejudice and hatred. There never was a time when there was less love between the great parties of the Country, than at the present. If this is true now that we are in the heat of the terrible contest with Slavery, what will be the exhibitions when that contest shall have been brought comparatively to a close, but with the "vexed questions" which have caused all the trouble, and on which the parties are hopelessly divided, yet all unsettled? It is not an inviting picture to contemplate. So far as externals are concerned, the worst is to be feared. It is only by an eye of Faith that a smiling future is seen through the dark and bloody clouds that roll thick and heavy up our political sky. We would not say a word to intimidate the weakest heart, but it were the most glaring folly to "put off the evil day" and flatter ourselves that we have nothing to fear. Rather let us be prepared to meet the crisis like brave, cool men, as well as do the little in our power to avert and break the force of the storm. Everything is to be gained by knowing the tendency of the times, and guarding with all our power against the fearful events.

There is in our estimation but one remedy, one preventive of the threatened evil. And that is an entire ignoring of party spirit, and a cultivation of a fraternal feeling that alone can save us. That this will be done by but few, is all too certain. But let that few, who may yet be our Nation's Saviors, calmly and with a firmness and determination that knows no yielding, resolve that no word of bitterness shall fall from the lips, and no unkind feeling wrinkle in the heart. Weak and fanatical as it may seem to the worldly wise, Christ, through the spirit he shall infuse into the hearts of such as embrace his salvation, shall yet save our beloved Nation from the destruction to which it will, ere long, seem to be hopelessly doomed.

Can a State Commit Treason.

This interesting question is being argued by two of the leading daily's with great spirit. The Tribune maintains that the revolted States have committed treason as States, and have forfeited their existence. The World denies the fact, and holds to the opinion that only certain individuals have rendered themselves responsible. It suggests the very pertinent inquiry how a State is to be punished

for treason, as it has no neck to be stretched, and could not be very conveniently sent to Fort Lafayette. Perhaps the best way to settle the difficulty would be to deal with the individual traitors first and the state afterward.—New York Sunday Mercury.

Here is a very important point, one on which it seems to us the Tribune together with a great portion of the anti-slavery North blunders. In their eagerness to find a way to dispose of the rebellion, in accordance with their ideas of policy and justice, they have stumbled on a question of logic. The World is right. Though every individual in every slave State rebel against the general government yet the States as such, are still equal members of the Union, and there is no power under heaven to make them otherwise. The general government is one of limited and specified powers; among those powers is the power to put down rebellion and punish rebels, but not the power to interfere with the equal rights of States. What the Tribune and the rest want is to get the head and heart both right. The Republican party embraces a great deal of good human feeling, but has not been, in the complete sense of the word, a party of principle. Pro slavery has always been clearer headed and more consistent than half-way anti-slavery. No, Mr. Tribune, you must stick to the old bargain, or make a new one. The old Union or reconstruction; there is no other alternative.

The Final Triumph.

After years of faithful agitation of the principle of Man's right to the soil, its friends have the deep satisfaction of witnessing its triumph. As was to be expected, after the withdrawal of the Slaveholders, the land-reform bill has passed both houses of Congress, and has become a law. Where now are the doubters as to the fact of human progress? With all respect for every man and his opinion, to question the fact that the race are progressing towards a clearer recognition of the great principles of freedom and human rights, and that man is every now and then taking a new step in his onward march, and making some new attainment in social, religious or political science, and claiming and exercising some new right previously denied, is to give evidence of a billious state of the system, or a disorganized condition of the understanding.

Blessings, like misfortunes, never come single. The land reform measure is only one of several important influences calculated to bring about that great desideratum, a fall in the price of land. The breaking up of Slavery and the confiscation of large quantities of rebel lands, and their being given to and settled by Northern soldiers, the granting of tracts of land to actual settlers under the late bill, and the burdensome taxes that will be imposed on real estate, making the possession of land in quantities less desirable, will be the three great causes that will operate to reduce the price of improved land down to a minimum, and thus bring it within the reach of every laborer. Glory to God, L. A. Hine and the rest of the Land Reformers! The day of Man's redemption from the slavery of toil is at hand!

Physiological Series.

BY W. BYRD POWELL, M. D.

CHAPTER V.

THE ORGANIC LAWS OF MARRIAGE.

Although in the out-set I only contemplated treating of the physiological laws of marriage, and indeed if every body would observe the physiological laws, this chapter would not have become necessary, because I have never observed an instance of organic incompatibility with married parties who were physiologically compatible; but as organic incompatibility is more observable than the physiological, and since having embarked into the consideration of marriage, I desire to give my young readers, in particular, all the information my knowledge permits.

The subject of organic incompatibility between the sexes first arrested my attention about twenty-five years ago; I was on a visit to a family in which the progenitors, respectively were very highly developed in the human or superior sentiments—that is the tops of their heads respectively were very much developed, considerably in the form of an inverted saucer, as a consequence they were notorious for their pious observance of all their religious duties. In connection with their organic peculiarity I observed that the heads of their children were as flat on the top as flounders. This circumstance arrested my attention, and since, I have, probably, made several hundred of similar observations, because I was looking for them; and hence as I met with a pair of pious progenitors, I neglected no opportunity to see their children, and on the other hand when I saw a flat headed child I sought an observation of the parents. As I did not suppose this law to be confined to the top of the head, my observations were extended to embrace all organic similitudes between progenitors. It was not long before the conviction was forced upon me that when any essential parts or system of parts were highly developed in the respective parties to a marriage, the children of such parents will be defective in the same part or parts. But the wherefore of this law was a puzzle to me for several years; at length I concluded that its object was the prevention of mischievous extremes—to prevent any extreme departure of the species from a common standard, thus: suppose the respective parties to a marriage to be greatly destructive; now suppose them to entail the combined or united strength of this faculty upon their child, it is clear that the consequence would be that such a child by the age of five years would have to be treated as a hyena—would have to be secured in a cage or prison. But this law renders such production in our species, impossible.

I have observed that pious young people are anxious to obtain, respectively, a pious companion in marriage. An alliance of this kind might be pro-

ductive of domestic companionship, but it would be had at the cost of immorally and impiously constituted children. It has even been thought proverbially true that pious people have the worst or most incorrigibly wicked children; this is not wholly a fiction nor a prejudice. In view of a morally useful progeny I would prefer to see a pious young man marry a romping rollicking girl than a very pious one.

My observations have been so numerous that I have had forced upon me an unfriendly opinion of religious revivals, camp-meetings, and all other occasions of religious excitement. All mental excitement above a normally useful and healthy standard, whether by religion, politics, destructiveness or brandy are about equally unfriendly to the best interests of society.

The human sentiments are those which are supernaturally excited by religious revivals &c., and the action of this law as it effects these sentiments is, as regards the social and moral purity and dignity of society, the most mischievous application of it. When religion shall become to be generally manifested by a temperate manifestation of social, moral and sacred duty, then will it conserve and elevate the species; but so long as people use it as they do ardent spirits, to intoxicate, then of the two it is the greater evil, because it more deeply involves that portion of the species, the female, which is most inservient to its moral development.

It is not my province as an anthropologist to treat of religion, either as a verity, or as an institution, but it is my duty most emphatically to observe the influence of its administration on the human organization, and its physiological manifestations. I have no reformatory movement to suggest to the church, but I would have such errors as may obtain in its administration corrected. I care not how much progenitors may be made to do right, more the better, but do not force their children by organization to prefer evil to good.

I do not expect my views on any subject will please every body, because I do not write for the purpose of either pleasing or displeasing any, for all that I desire to do is to induce everybody to observe and think, hence I write just as my conception of truth and duty dictates, for I would prefer to promulgate a truth that would offend every body, than untruth that would please every body—that is I suppose I feel about as did the great statesman of Ashland when he said, "I would sooner be right than be president."

A highly unfortunate consequence to delinquency to this organic law, obtains with those progenitors who have respectively a high endowment of life-force, which is indicated by a high development of the neck at its junction with the head. Such people have large necks and chests, and manifest vigorously the arterial and respiratory functions,—the children of such people are remarkable for their

slender necks and small chests, and most frequently they die of scrofulous forms of disease. My medical readers I doubt not will remember having treated the children of such progenitors.

Another very unfortunate consequence of delinquency to this law obtains with those progenitors who have respectively large and massive foreheads—the children of such parties are usually imbecile, and if not they will die in infancy of hydrocephalus, or tubercular Meningitis, brain fever. Progenitors of this character are always highly encephalic, and belong to the second variety treated of in my second chapter. And the parties treated of before these, belong to the third variety.

But of all the results of delinquency to this law, that of which I am about to treat is the most deplorable, viz: when both of the parties are greatly developed in the superior-posterior and middle portion of the neck, indicating an uncommon development of the Mesial portion of the inferior or smaller brain—the cerebellum—which indicates a corresponding high endowment of the amatory propensity. The progeny will be eunuchs to a greater or less extent. I have seen many individuals, comprising both sexes, who were approximations to this neuter condition, and I have also seen one complete eunuch, an individual who had an ordinary mental capacity. This individual was of tall stature, and habited as a man, and usually regarded as one. He assured me upon several occasions that he had no idea of sex—could obtain no conception of it. He further assured me that he was alike indifferent to both men and women, and this was the opinion of those who had him employed as a dry-goods clerk. I interrogated him about his parents and from his description of them I inferred that they were respectively sanguine lymphatic, but I think it probable that one of them was sanguine billious, the billious element being of the Xanthaus variety; and from his farther description, they were largely developed in the superior posterior part of the neck, the part in which he was totally wanting. He died in the charity hospital during my connection with the Medical college of New Orleans. I obtained his skull—it indicates an entire absence of the Mesial third of the cerebellum, which corresponded precisely with the fact that he was destitute of seminal glands.

In this case a physiological law of humanity, instead of permitting him to inherit the combined strength of the amatory propensity of both of his progenitors, denied him any participation in any sexual endowment. But suppose he had inherited the united strength of this propensity of both of his progenitors, is it not clear that it would have been necessary to keep him chained or imprisoned from the age of early puberty; for otherwise no female without superior strength could have been safe from his outrage. This is truly a wonderful provision of nature to prevent the production of mischievous extremes.

A few years ago it was announced in a New York paper that a young man, a giant, and his sister, a giantess, had petitioned the legislature for the privilege of contracting a marriage alliance, their object being to found a large variety of the human species. I have not learned whether permission was granted, but if it had been and they had become progenitors, their children would, in all probability, have been dwarfs. I once knew a dwarf lady who was but twenty-two inches high. She was a fine model in miniature, of a woman. She informed me that her parents were unusually large people.

I repeat that I have never known an organic incompatibility to obtain between married parties who were physiologically compatible; it appears, therefore, that organic incompatibility obtains only between incompatible constitutions.

I have now shown that the institution of marriage is natural. I have indicated the natural laws to which it is amenable, and that those laws have indices that render them readily perceivable, and hence no one is under a necessity to become delinquent to them; and hence that by observation all people of respectable capacity can qualify themselves to observe these laws, and consequently may enter into the married relation with at least a very probable certainty of not bringing upon themselves the consequences of idiocy, imbecility, monstrosity or scrofulous forms of disease, to blight all the hopes they cherished of a useful parentage.

Now, dear readers, if your respective physicians are like many of whom I have been informed, they will gravely assure you that all I have taught you is silly stuff, and that I am a humbug and a lunatic, but dear reader, as you value your own hopes of connubial happiness, adopt the authority of no one, and for myself I really do not desire that you shall assume as true anything that I have taught. All that I desire is that you will consult nature, for she is the only authority upon which I rely for truth, and hence I do not permit any human tribunal to be the final judge of anything I teach. She is an honest old dame, and never tells contradictory tales—that which she has taught me she will teach you, and hence you may appeal from me to her. For she alone is my Judge.

Where is the service that can escape its remuneration? What is vulgar, and the essence of all vulgarity, but the avarice of reward? The man whose eyes are nailed not on the nature of his act, but on the wages, whether it be money, or office, or fame,—is almost equally low. He is great, whose eyes are opened to see that the reward of actions cannot be escaped, because he is transformed into his action and taketh its nature, which bears its own fruit, like every other tree. A great man cannot be hindered of the effect of his act, because it is immediate. The genius of life is friendly to the noble, and in the dark brings them friends from far.—Emerson.

An Extract.

Mr. Birrell.—The following fine view of the philosophy of evil was drawn by the pencil of a truly friend for my private eye, but it is too good to keep to one's self and I pass the glass to you that others may enjoy it with me.

It was called out by some deprecating and despising remarks to which I have given all range of late.

C. M. O.

"You were lonely and disengaged when you wrote. But you must remember it is these same moments of shadow that we need to thank God most for. It is only when we begin to sink that we are humble enough to reach and grasp the arm that alone can guide and direct us safely. So all our darkness is but the shadow of Divine Love and Mercy. A realization of the futility of all material things, a just knowledge of our soul's weakness, creates a longing in the spirit for a higher, purer, and holier existence than this mundane sphere can afford; and we struggle up towards the sun-gate of a better world, unfolding and developing in the upward-searching, like those plants which we urge to a vigorous growth, by throwing them into shadow. God, or the Spirit of Love and Wisdom, knows just what different experience every soul needs to bring us at last, either in this world or the next, into His own bosom; to wean us from this life, and make us good children finally, and therefore happy.

Had it not been for this trial of the serpent of which you speak, and which you lament, never could we have known the riches of God's love, His kind forgiveness, and never would His lovable attributes have been revealed in the life of that divine man Jesus. For as certain elements in our own character remain dormant or unrevealed until necessity or need calls them forth, so we might have remained in ignorance of all that attaches us most to God, had not our own weakness called Him to unfold all His goodness, all His beauty.

And is it inconsistent to suppose that the Divine Wisdom created us with frail and erring natures that we might thereby learn the boundlessness of His love and mercy toward us? Will it not form a great part of our happiness in the other sphere, a knowledge and appreciation of that wisdom that has subjected us to sin and trial, for the sake of our souls' highest good and development. This faith sweetens every bitter cup, and we are invincible through the Power that sustains us.

I have often stood and watched the sunlight of our rough New England hills, and noticed how much more beautiful the brightness seemed, when

the floating clouds cast dense, contrasting shadows as they moved along; and while I looked I thought that Goodness, perhaps, would hardly seem so beautiful if Evil did not serve as a foil to set it off to advantage.

I have sat by my window and watched the rising of a storm. All the valley seemed weary and sleepy with its wealth of sunshine, but over the dark blue mountains drove on the threatening clouds. Soon all the round patch of blue above was covered with the drapery of the storm. The wind and rain came down, bending into humility the stubborn old forest, and every flower, stricken and drooping in fear, rocked trembling on the storm. But when the sun, who had been laughing all the while behind the scenes, came out again what do you think the landscape said? for my ear is open sometimes, and I catch the words which the soul of Nature speaks. It said, "Thank God for the darkness. Praise God for the storm." The streams laughed louder, the forest tossed a crown of brightened verdure toward Heaven, and the flowers with wistful faces whispered together, and nodded gaily over their new beauty.

Even thus solitary to the health of our souls, are all mortal storms, discouragements and trials.

I know you smile at me, but I cannot help praying in all the earnestness of my soul, that the mystery of life may come to you with the same interpretation that it does to me, for such a trust combined with the other peculiarities of your nature, would make you truly a happy man. Would we could both oftener

"Pause to think God's greatness
Is around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest."

Musings.

"The soul that believes in its inner self and the laws of the Universe, may be more highly religious than the soul which professes to believe in a personal and external God." Most true. There are and have been those, undoubtedly, who have known God falsely with the intellect, yet felt him truly with the heart." Right feeling may be connected with wrong thinking, but ought we thence to infer the worthlessness of correct views and theories? Surely not. And the doctrine of a personal God loses none of its truth and importance if held in unrighteousness by some. Neither is its opposite established or true if some of its advocates have been good in spite of its natural tendencies.

Children—infants, not capable of going alone, we are all followers, necessarily, consciously or unconsciously, of some leader. And Christ in nothing he ever uttered better showed that he knew man, or what

was in him, than by uttering that invitation Follow me, and you shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. I cannot but look upon the doctrine of a personal God as one of the most important of doctrines, and that of Pantheism as mischievous in its tendency, especially as set forth by those who write on the subject "to amuse us by roekless speculation."

There is undoubtedly an indwelling of God in Nature and in Humanity. And did our speculative Pantheists of modern times agree with that spiritual Pantheist the Apostle Paul, that God was not only in but *above* all things, that there is a will of God surpassing finite conditions, it would be much more harmless in my view. But the merging of Man in Nature, and calling Nature God, obliterates both the Human and the Divine. For a personal God can exist only (in idea) in connection with a *human* being. Strike out one from the mental horizon and the other degenerates into Nature with it.

It is to pull up the distinction between Nature and Spirit. And when you have done that the *understanding* and the *character* of man are thrown into the same category and the idea of Virtue is lost.

You must look upon Man as something more than natural—as supernatural, or we all fail of a God-given freedom, and the human element disappears. No distinction being made between the outcome of natural tendency and the free creations of conscience, there is no room left for an *ought*, or an ideal other than the actual. If Man be not intrusted with himself in a sense quite different from what Nature is, then the idea of right is gone, and Man cannot but obey what he ought to obey, and universal *necessity* reigns.

No, it cannot be—it is a consciousness of a will within ourselves that leads us to attribute a will to him who rules the world. And after having found it, to turn round and deny the consciousness that we have a self-acting will, is denying in our speculations the premises from which we started.

If will be that in which personality resides, there must be a personal God. And there is no general safety for morals unless under the guardianship of a Christian Theism. Let Pantheists have Nature and rail it off into the region of the beautiful; but morals generally suffer in her keeping.

Such I think are the tendencies of the highest faculties of the highest being on Earth—called by some Nature's Ultimate. There may be innumerable speculations on the subject; by setting thought to work without veneration or reverence for moral excellence. But it leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind.

X. P.

"A Very Valuable Discovery."

In the New Republic of May 3d I find an article from Prof. W. B. Powell, entitled "A Very Valuable Discovery," which seems to me to be worthy of a few questions, and to merit a few comments. The substance of the article is this:—That in malarial districts fevers can be avoided by having a residence on an elevated ground, and in a grove or forest of growing trees.

I am well aware that such is the fact, but is Prof. Powell the discoverer of it? He says he does not expect the medical world will adopt its philosophy in this age, as though it were a startling discovery of such importance, as to nearly overturn the whole foundation of physiological science. I concur in his remarks in his various articles on the ignorance of the "medical fraternity," generally. With him I believe they are more ignorant of the laws of life than even the laboring classes. There are honorable exceptions to this of course; but the orthodox conservatism of the medical schools generally make them mere vampires to drink the vital blood of reform and clog its wheels.

But to the "discovery." In the first place it has been known to Chemists for at least a century, that carbonic acid gas, (a combination of carbon and oxygen) is a deadly poison when taken into the lungs of an air-breathing animal. What is termed "damps" in wells is an illustration of this; and countless instances are on record of deaths from sleeping in close rooms where charcoal fires were burning. It is known, too, that while this gas is a deadly poison to animals it is the very life of the vegetable kingdom. And further, it is known that the cause of malarial fevers, in warm climates, and low or level tracts of country, is the accumulation of this gas from the decaying vegetation.

Now if, as recommended by Prof. P., a residence be built on an elevated tract, surrounded by growing trees, where the sunbeams could decompose this gas on their leaves to be incorporated into their cellular tissue, it would of course render the atmosphere pure and healthy. It is pretty clearly established that an accumulation of this gas in large cities is not only a fruitful source of fevers but of the Asiatic cholera, dysentaries, &c., &c. But so far from being a startling discovery by Prof. Powell, it is a scientific fact known to almost every school-boy for a century.

It is with gratitude that I award to Prof. P. all praise for his original thought, but it would be ungenerous indeed to bestow the "right of discovery" on any one for what has been so long and so familiarly known.

Yours for more light,
S. PHILIPS LELAND.
Darrow Street, Ohio, May 16, 1862.

What good have they done, who, in their professed exertions to reform mankind, have humored their wicked prejudices?—Beriah Green.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

N E W R E P U B L I C .

At a time so momentous as the present, there is an imperative demand for the exercise of all the wisdom, heroism, self-sacrifice, charity, and the forgetting of all past differences, and the sinking of all worldly ambition, in one sublime, prayerful, determined, brotherly effort to save our beloved country from the terrible ruin that more than threatens to swallow up our liberties, prosperity, peace. How to conquer the rebels, is not all of the great problem that must be settled before there is any certainty that we, as a Nation, have anything in the future to hope for.

The NEW REPUBLIC has two leading and distinctive objects: First, by humble and modest, but earnest and thorough effort, to promote, to the fullest extent of its ability, that fraternity of feeling among all parties and classes of society, on which our salvation so vitally depends. Second, to discuss, in a free, untrammeled manner, but in no partisan, dogmatical or dictatorial spirit, all of those fundamental and practical questions and principles of Government and human rights which the adjustment of our National politics will involve.

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This is to certify, that in June, 1858, I received an injury in the foot by jumping from a horse, and, after being under the treatment of six of our most scientific physicians without receiving any benefit, and suffering much pain—being unable to walk—in June, 1860, through the influence of a friend, I put myself under the treatment of Dr. J. L. Lovell, of Yarmouth, Me. I did not think he would succeed any better than the former physicians, but as my friend had been benefitted by him, I could but try, and in a short time I found I could walk. I took no medicine. The lameness caused other difficulties, but now I am free from all suffering and enjoy good health. Any one wishing for further information can receive it by calling on me, or by writing to me.

MARGARET B. FLANDERS.

SOUTH GARDINER, Nov. 20, 1860.

This is to certify that I have been troubled with the bleeding, blind, and itching Piles for twenty-six years. I have consulted a number of physicians, but found no relief until last Spring I commenced taking Dr. J. L. Lovell's medicine, and in three weeks I was relieved, and am now enjoying good health. I would recommend all that are troubled with Piles to call and see Dr. J. L. Lovell.

MARTIN WARD.

YARMOUTH, Nov. 20, 1860.

This is to certify that having been afflicted with Disease of the Liver for twelve years, and having other complaints combined with that, I placed myself under the care of Dr. J. L. Lovell, of Yarmouth, Me., in January, 1859, and received great benefit from him; being so much relieved within a few months, that I could lie upon my left side, which I had not done during that time.

AMANDA ESTES.

STEVENS' PLAINS, Oct. 2, 1860.

This is to certify that we, the undersigned, having been under the treatment of L. J. Lovell, Clairvoyant Physician, do cheerfully recommend him to all invalids, both as a physician and a gentleman.

Mrs. GEO. BICKFORD,
MARGARET T. PERLEY,
ELENO HUNTER,
IZETTA PREBLE,
HANNAH WARD,
ANN WARE,
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knowledge, on which the soul can feed, and by which man can make the most of his present position on the Planet. Let the people understand the glorious truths of Astronomy and let telescopes be as plentiful as Bibles. Let the truths of Zoology, which are destined to supplant the fables of Theology, be familiar to all, and the wealth of the world, that is only waiting for intelligent man, be poured into the lap of humanity, and distributed so as to increase the happiness of the whole. Physiology, a knowledge of our bodies and their relations to food, drink, air, light, &c., should be taught to every child, and in this way alone can the ravages of disease be stayed and long life and happiness be secured.

We need not the ken of the Prophet to perceive that when Science and Benevolence are universally cultivated and take the place of the narrow, bigoted, ignorance begotten superstitions of the day, that the world must be redeemed. The fever-breeding swamps will be drained and fruitful gardens take their place; where the reed and the flag grow the apple, the pear and the peach shall flourish; the wild woods will fall and stately palaces for humanity will rise. The chain of the slave will be broken, the prison for the felon no longer needed. The pope and the priest, the king and the captain will be loved and feared and hated no more. War will only be known in history, and Love shall be a guest in every bosom.

Grove Meeting.

There will be a grove meeting in Northampton, Summit Co., Ohio, two miles west of Cuyahoga Falls, Saturday and Sunday, June 7th and 8th. S. P. LELAND is engaged to speak. Other speakers are expected. A "general good time" is anticipated.

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